

A Fortune Teller

By EMILY DEANE HAINES

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A party of young people stepped into the dingy rooms of a fortune teller of San Francisco and asked her to tell their fortunes.

"I'm tired of this business," she said, "but I would like to make a little money for my present needs. I will tell you the fortune of a couple whose life is more strange than that of any one whose fortune I have ever told."

All agreed to hear the story, and, finding whatever seats they were able, they settled down to listen. The old woman began:

"In the early days of Virginia City there lived there a teamster with his wife, a Scotchwoman, who took in washing and kept a miners' boarding house. Neither of the two had ever had any education, and neither could read or write. They were just a plain teamster and a plain washer-woman."

"One day some men came to the teamster and told him they wished to buy a claim of a few hundred feet on Gold hill, but they hadn't quite enough money to pay for it. Had he any savings, and would he, if he had, like to go in with them? The teamster talked the matter over with his wife, and after a long discussion they agreed that they might as well put what they had in the claim since they knew of no way to invest it to get an interest from it. That was a time when no one knew what great wealth there was in the ground thereabout and whatever the couple bought could be bought for very little money. So they got out their stockings and dumped the bills and gold and silver and copper coins on the table, counted it and took it to the men who were going to buy the claim and paid for their share in it."

"By and by the owners began to take gold out of the mine, and the more they took out the more it seemed, was there to take out. Suddenly the teamster and his wife found themselves so rich that they didn't know what to do with their money. The teamster stopped teaming, and his wife stopped keeping boarders and taking in washing and set about enjoying their change of fortune."

"What's the first thing to do, wife?" asked the teamster.

"Give a big blowout," she answered. "So they gave a big blowout at the International hotel, asking everybody they knew and everybody they didn't know, and told the landlord not to pay any attention whatever to what any thing cost."

"Then they went away to Europe. It was all the riches there. They enjoyed the Alps pretty well, for they are much finer than the Rockies. But in Rome and Florence and Naples, they saw a lot of old buildings not so much use as an old shanty and miles of paintings of men and women without any clothes on, and they got tired of it. Then they went to Egypt, where there's nothing but sand and obelisks and mummies, and to Greece, where there's a big stone house on a high hill, with the wind blowing through it. They call it the Acropolis, or something like that, but they didn't see any comfort in it, so they came away."

"Next they went to Paris and rode up and down the boulevards and the Champs Elysees and saw shows such as never were seen in a dance house in a mining town and walked through miles of pictures in the galleries and past ancient statues. From Paris they went to London, where they saw a lot of sights of old piles of stones and miles of hundreds of years old. But in London they found the first thing to really amuse them while they were gone. That was riding on the buses. They rode all day and some time late into the night, but they got tired even of this and came home thinking that, after all, there was no place like Nevada."

"On the shore of Washoe lake they built a big mansion. The site was a beautiful one, with the wall of snow capped Sierras behind it and water in front. Money was no object in its building. It was built of quarried stone and furnished with the costliest San Francisco could supply. A library of books with the name on every volume was one of the furnishings. The door handles were silver, the table furnishings the finest to be had at that place at that time."

"The house was big enough for a hundred families, but they didn't have even a single chick of their own, so they adopted a little girl they named Persia. But the child sickened. They loved her dearly—so dearly that they would have gladly given all their wealth to save her, but the Lord wouldn't take it in exchange, and Persia died, and that left no one in the big house but themselves."

"Next the teamster died and was buried under the shadow of the Sierras, and after her husband's death everything seemed to go against the widow. Her fortune was melting away, and she undertook to save it by speculation. This made matters worse. Her mansion on the lake went with everything else, and at last she was as poor as when she took in washing and kept a miners' boarding house."

"She had to do something to keep the life in her lonely body, so she came to Fresno and opened a fortune teller's shop, and here she is. A quarter each, please, for the story."

"What was your husband's name?" asked one of the young men of the party.

"Bowers—Sandy Bowers."

Certified.
Customer—Do you keep a good cure for corns?
Druggist—Yes, sir. Here is an excellent preparation. One of my customers has been using it for the last fourteen years with very good results.
—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

LAUGHLIN
A SUICIDEBrother-in-Law of Taft Takes
Own Life

AT HIS WIFE'S FEET

Millionaire Laughlin, Angry at Her Visit
to the White House, Kills Him-
self in Pittsburg Man-
sion.

Pittsburg, March 14.—Thomas K. Laughlin, brother-in-law of President Taft and husband of the woman who practically has taken Mrs. Taft's place at White House functions during the past winter, committed suicide at 9 o'clock Friday morning.

The reason assigned by close friends of the Laughlins is "family troubles," taken in conjunction with the poor health of Mr. Laughlin for the last three years.

The man is said to have committed suicide in the presence of his wife in the drawing-room of their handsome mansion on Woodlawn road, one of the show places of Pittsburg, where President Taft was entertained last May while on a visit here, attending the annual reunion of the Western Association of Yale Clubs.

The deed is said to have followed an altercation, Laughlin immediately drawing a 38-calibre revolver from his pocket and, with "I'll end all these infernal disagreements right now," fired the bullet into his temple and fell dead at the feet of his wife.

She immediately called Drs. T. M. J. McKenna and W. H. Ingram by telephone. They responded and made a report to the coroner that death was due to "cerebral hemorrhage."

This explanation was accepted until about 11 o'clock Saturday morning, when some person unknown called Coroner Jamison by telephone, saying:

"That Laughlin death was a suicide. Better investigate."

This led to a thorough investigation, which brought out the fact that Mrs. Laughlin had arrived from Washington, where she had been visiting her sister, the first lady of the land, but a few moments before the death of her husband.

The train upon which Mrs. Laughlin traveled reached East Liberty station, about two miles from the Laughlin home, at 8:30, and Laughlin committed suicide before 9 o'clock that same morning.

President Taft traveled upon the same train Saturday night, in order to attend the funeral of his brother-in-law, which occurred at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

Thomas K. Laughlin was born March 16, 1875, and while at the time of his death Friday was a young man, he was rated as one of the wealthiest men of western Pennsylvania, estimates upon his fortune ranging all the way from \$20,000,000 to \$50,000,000.

After an early education in the best of preparatory schools, he entered Yale

TUMOR OF
YEARS
GROWTHRemoved by Lydia E. Pink-
ham's Vegetable Compound

Holly Springs, Miss.—"Words are inadequate for me to express what your wonderful medicine have done for me. The doctors said I had a tumor, and I had an operation, but was soon as bad as before. I wrote to you for advice, and began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

and feel so well that my friends keep asking me what has helped me so much, and I gladly recommend your Vegetable Compound. —Mrs. WILLIE KOWANS, Holly Springs, Miss.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy—tumor. If you have mysterious pains, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait for time to confirm your fears and go through the horrors of a hospital operation, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unquestionable testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy, and should give everyone confidence.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.



Ceresota Flour

TABLE TALK:

"Put plenty of Ceresota Bread in my lunch basket to-morrow. There wasn't half enough to-day."

AGED COUPLE
DRINK POISONDr. Benson and Wife in Ter-
ror of Poverty

THEY ENDED LIFE TOGETHER

Philadelphia Physician, Aged 73, Mixes
Potion of Cyanide of Potassium,
and He and His Wife, 67,
Drink It.

Philadelphia, March 14.—Terror of poverty, which had overtaken them in their old age, led Dr. Charles Coleman Benson, nearly 73 years old, and his wife, Isabelle, 67, to end their lives Saturday morning by drinking poison in their room at 1843 Filbert street.

The physician left a letter directed to Mrs. Ada Starr, who runs the lodging-house in which the pair resided, asking her to have the bodies cremated and offering in compensation his belongings in the house and any money which might be sent to him after his death.

Dr. Benson came here from Baltimore and was said to be a British subject. That the old pair had deliberately entered into a suicide pact is proved by the statement in the letter to Mrs. Starr that they had committed suicide, and by the evidence of the conditions under which they were found dying.

Seated at the table, the doctor had poured cyanide of potassium into two tumblers, one of which he had passed to his wife. Simultaneously they drank the deadly contents of the glasses and fell to the floor unconscious on opposite sides of the table. Mrs. Starr heard the noise and called the police. They were then taken to the Medico-Chirurgical hospital, but both died during the journey.

Dr. Benson had done much research work in the effort to find a cure for consumption and had perfected a method of treatment, which he submitted in competition for the \$200,000 prize held out by the French Academy of Medicine for a cure. His treatise on tuberculosis was sent to France in 1907 and he firmly believed that he had won the prize, although he had got no other word from the academy than that his communication had been received.

Dr. and Mrs. Benson are supposed to have come to this city about last September. They resided for a time at 1639 Arch street and afterward at 134 North Twenty-first street. From the latter place they moved to the Filbert street house about a week ago. When they left Twenty-first street, they owed the landlady, she said, a bill of \$48. She did not press for the money, however, as she believed Dr. Benson would pay it as soon as he was able.

At times the pair became despondent and the wife had on several occasions talked of drowning herself if matters did not improve. The husband also had spoken of killing himself by poison.

After moving to the Filbert street house, the existence of the pair became more precarious than ever. The doctor found neither money nor food in the room. There were some valuable medical books and these, with patents and designs for household and trade specialties, which Dr. Benson had originated, were offered in the letter to Mrs. Starr for her expense and trouble in having the bodies cremated. She said that she would have done so.

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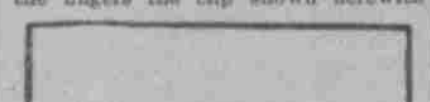
FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Peas on Toast.

Heat a can of small, tender green peas in their own liquor, adding a teaspoonful of sugar. Drain off nearly all the liquor and measure. For a cupful melt two level tablespoonsful of butter in a saucepan, stir in two level tablespoonsful of flour and when smooth add the cup of liquor. Stir and cook until it looks smooth, then season with salt and pepper and add the peas, the yolks of two eggs beaten light with a tablespoonful of lemon juice or, if you have it on hand, a tablespoonful of vinegar drained from mint sauce. Cook the sauce a few minutes after adding the egg and then pour the whole over nicely toasted bread-squares or serve in little bread boxes or patty shells.

New Table Fixture.

Lemon has almost entirely taken the place of vinegar as a condiment, and the little slices appear on the table almost universally for use on the oysters, fish and salad. For convenience in handling the slices and obtaining the juice without the necessity of soiling the fingers the clip shown herewith



CLIP FOR LEMON SLICE.

has been devised as one of the adjuncts of a carefully laid table. The



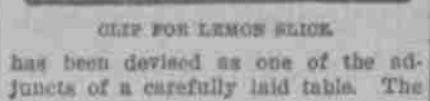
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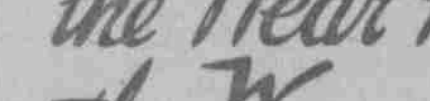
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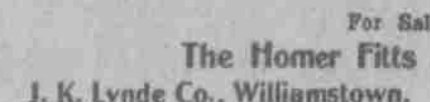
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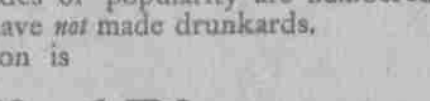
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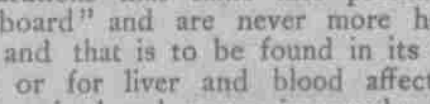
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